

The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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WHOLE NO. 166.

The Poet's Corner.

THE NORTH WIND.

Oh! the mad wind, the glad wind,
That blows across the sea;
The wild wind, the strong wind,
The North wind for me!
That whirles the white waves up on high
And makes the billows foam;
The black wet rocks and the cloudy sky
Are lost in the stormy gloom.

Oh! the bold wind, the cold wind,
That blows across the plain;
He bears the white snow gallantly
And sweeps the sleety rain.
How he makes the black night darker still,
And hideth every star,
Till the tall trees groan, on the lonely hill,
With the elemental war.

Oh! the loud wind, the proud wind,
That blows among the pines,
And whirles their giant branches
Like the waving twigs and vines;
That breaks the trunks of the oak trees old—
That a hundred years have grown,
And sweeps the orchard's fruits of gold
Like the summer thistle-down.

Oh! the brave wind, the grave wind,
He bringeth strength of soul,
And a deep, proud throb comes o'er the heart
To hear the thunder roll;
For he comes from lands where the hearts of men
Are strong, and bold, and free—
Where the shepherd dwells in the highland glen,
And the mountain hunters be.

Oh! the drear wind, the clear wind,
Sweet is his voice to me—
Sweeter the thoughts that fill my soul
When I hear his minstrelsy.
The South wind warbles my very heart,
The West wind makes me sad;
But my spirit leaps with a joyous start
When the bold North wind is mad.

Florence, Italy.

MARY AYRAULT CRAIG.

A HYMN FOR THE CELEBRATION OF ITALIAN UNITY.

Let them sound a victors strophe from the mountains
to the sea!
Sweep away the old defence! let the tide of life run
free
As the thought of God commissioned, and outleap cap-
tivity.

Let Italy be one!

CHORUS: Glory, hallelujah!

There's a mother, sad and lonely, who for ages gave no
sound.
Save in moaning for her children, from her bosom
sold and bound:
They have gathered now about her; with their beauty
she is crowned,
And Italy is one!

Not of war this boon was given, not achieved in wrath
and blood,
Not the soldier's gauntlet flings it; nor the battle's
fiery flood;
In the garden of Christ's passion did it slowly bloom
and bud,
The love that makes men one.

Sound the trump of resurrection! let the noble dead
arise!
Let the hour long wept and wished for make God pres-
ent to their eyes!
Let one joy illumine the heavens and the earthly para-
dise,
Since Italy is one!

Mother, mourning long thy dear ones, let the Present's
rapturous strain
Lift its prayer for all who suffer, pour its balm on ev-
ery pain;
Till the motherhood immortal hold God's children in
its reign.

And all mankind are one!

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Our Special Contributors.

LITERARY WOMEN—PAST AND PRESENT.

BY MARY FIELDING.

"Miss Baillie writes plays to illustrate the passions; Miss Martineau teaches political economy by tales; Mrs. Marset sets up for a general instructor, not only in her dialogue, but in her fairy stories, and Miss Edgeworth is a school mistress in her tales." So wrote the chatty Crab Robinson, not fifty years ago, with but faint suspicion of what this dabbling of women in ink would lead to in our day. At the moment, Miss Austin, with her soft brown hair, quietly smoothed under her maiden cap, was drawing the wonderful portraits of Mr. Collins and the Bennett family; and Mary Mitford was performing irksome task work with her pen to support a worthless old sham of a father, crying out, too, at the same time pathetically, that she would rather scrub floors than do literary drudgery, provided that humble occupation would pay as well, there were few, if any, newspaper women, according to the present acceptance of the term, in England.

A woman like Miss Berry, whose experience extended over a period of eighty years, who was born, so to speak, into the society of literary celebrities, was the beloved of Horace Walpole, and never lost the charm which made her a star in the most noticeable society of London—dying as she did only yesterday as we may say—would seem by her lively and engaging manners to have been a connecting link between the literary woman of the past and the present. But we turn to the pages of her writings and see how thoroughly she belonged to the blue-stocking ladies of a former generation, and can understand how she sat up all night in her ball dress, feathers and satin shoes, to read "Plays on the Passions." Mrs. Piozzi among English women, and Mme. Debrantes among the French, would by their fondness for gossip and picturesque handling of events, have made excellent newspaper women had they lived in our day, and have established the fortunes of half a dozen first-class magazines.

The oft repeated, spiteful saying of Heinrich Heine, "That every woman wrote with one eye on the page and the other on some man, except the Countess of Haw-Haw, who had but one eye," will scarcely apply to the modern newspaper woman. She has one eye to the page, and one the pay. She sells her bright saucy, piquant, sarcastic, crisp utterances for the best they will fetch in the market; and is in no wise the sentimental and unworldly creature of some of her prototypes. Miss Mitford complained, although the assertion was far too sweeping for her day, that literary women were all ugly, and we can easily believe they had no special gift for their own adornment. The outward eccentricities

of the sisterhood of the gray goose quill have now in good part disappeared, and many of its members, instead of being at all hideous, take rank among the fine women, with a fastidious and dainty elegance in dress. Outre, grotesque, and ugly styles of apparel do not now mark, distinctively, quill drivers of either sex. There are young men, to be sure, yearning to deliver what they consider a great message to the world, who affect brigand hats and turn down collars of unnatural size; and I have heard of at least one woman who imagines herself filled with the Divine afflatus, whose ward-robe consists of a water-proof cloak, it proving almost as handy as that famous piece of furniture;

"A bed by night—a chest of drawers by day."

We will not pretend to say at what period of her infancy, Joanna Baillie began to write dramas, and correspond with learned men; but those were the days of authoresses and not newspaper women.

Imagine the consternation stately Mr. Addison would have experienced at the application of a sweet girl reporter, in her golden hair, for a position on *The Spectator*, with proposals to furnish a weekly budget of personal items about the patches and powder, ruffs and farthingales, not to say scandals, of the Lady Bettys and Bridgets of the time, not sparing even his own high-born lady, who, we have reason to believe, led him no gay matrimonial dance. Is it not an immense pity that Tunbridge Wells were allowed to flower into fashion and fall into decay without a lady correspondent to draw pen pictures of Dr. Johnson's for us ungainly, like a half-tamed elephant, receiving the homage of collected fashion and wisdom—of Richardson, almost equally worshipped, and of Beau Nash, perhaps the highest authority on haberdashery in all Europe? How eagerly we should have devoured familiar sketches of Peg Waffington, Colley Cibber, and that wonderful little man, David Garrick, with the tittle-tattle of the innumerable somebodies of those remote days, whose names and memories have faded like their stand-alone brocades, and in the martyrdom of high stomachers and unnatural towering structures of powdered hair, enjoy only an earthly immortality exceedingly dim and unreal among the family portraits of old country houses!

The dullness of the news-letters and gazettes of former times can be traced to the absence of the feminine element. All the easy chit-chat and gossip, for which there must have been an immense appetite then as now, was conveyed by private correspondence, which, if of unusual excellence, was collected and published after the death of the writer, thus bestowing a slow-footed posthumous fame. The best letter-writers have always been women. It is a province of literature in which they have held almost undisputed sway. Mme. Sevigne was perhaps the most gifted of the multitude of women who could find no channel for ex-

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pression except through the post; and she, in her day, enjoyed a large degree of celebrity. Had she been born in America in this age of the world, she would probably go to Washington to write exclusively for some of our great weeklies, at a salary of so many thousand dollars in gold, which fact, together with the lady's appearance, dress, habits, etc., would furnish material for other scribblers of the same gender.

The necessity for what may be called literary *entres* in the form of short stories, biographical sketches and original poems, with which every weekly paper at least, finds it necessary to garnish the feast it spreads before its readers, has in part created, and in part been created, by woman, as she now stands related to the literary world. That newspaper women do to a certain extent feed the taste for personal writing, which is fearfully pampered, cannot be denied, but like men they do what they are hired to do, oftentimes the sharp spur of necessity urging them to fill columns of our journals with a kind of writing which they thoroughly detest. This is doubtless to be much deplored; but it has little weight when compared with the grace, vivacity and crispness of style, and the wide and diversified field of interest, and of new, fresh topics brought into notice, due wholly to the work of female hands in the journalistic world.

DR. DENSMORE'S DISPENSARY.

BY MRS. I. R. STURGES.

Among the legion claimants for aid and sympathy upon the benevolent of New York city there are none which, in point of true deserving, take precedence of the enterprise above mentioned.

We call it by the name of its instigator, founder, and active and highly efficient and indefatigable conductor, who has so far, almost unassisted, advanced from her private purse the means which have been the working power of her great and beautiful enterprise. She names it "The Dispensary Department of the Women's Institute."

The organization, from its inception some months since, has just now been brought to working order, and is situated at 459 Sixth Avenue, where it was opened for the reception of patients on the morning of December 29th.

It occupies a fine suite of large, airy rooms, consisting of the general reception apartment, the Dispensary proper—a partially dark chamber for the better preservation of drugs—a committee room, where patients also may on occasion be received; a dentist's room, where provision is made for examination and operations of oculist and aurist—the services of first-class professors in all these departments having been secured to the institution—and finally, Dr. Densmore's private room.

As to the aims of this benevolence, we are told by its projectors it is designed to relieve a class of sufferers not provided for by any existing organization.

It has especial reference to teachers in the lower departments; to saleswomen, sewing-women, women artists, women reduced through the reverses of fortune, women relatives of poor professional men, and others.

"Thousands of valuable lives," we are told truly, "are sacrificed every year through want of just the opportunities that are now being

inaugurated. Lives that should represent the girlhood and motherhood of our country have been lost to us in too many instances because the necessary remedial agencies could not be made available. This, sometimes from pecuniary considerations, and scarce less frequently from natural hesitancy to seek relief at the hands of male physicians."

It is hoped and faithfully believed that the contemplated measures of this faculty will be efficient in arresting those causes whose legitimate effect is the rapid decadence of our women of the present generation, and an influence most disastrous, mental, moral, physical and numerical on the race succeeding them.

Patients coming to the Dispensary are subject to no charge of any kind save the first cost of medicines used, the time, labor and skill of attendant physicians being gratuitously rendered, as indeed are the drugs also, in cases where the patient is pecuniarily unable to make return.

In a few days the Dispensary will be provided with a full stock of excellent medicines, as it is already with all the most approved and improved appliances in surgical instruments, etc.

Doctors Anna Densmore (who is the physician in charge), Mary E. Greene, Sarah A. Coon, and Dr. O. D. Pomeroy are regularly in attendance in their several medical departments, as are Drs. Latimer and Allen in dentistry, while the board of consulting physicians and surgeons, oculists and aurists numbers such names as Willard Parker, Frank H. Hamilton, Fordyce Barker, Wm. A. Hammond, Gaillard Thomas, Sente, Noyes, and St. John Roosa.

Among the advisers and directors we find Revs. Thos. Gallandet and G. J. Miggins, Mrs. Chas. F. Deems, Mrs. Dwight Roberts, Mrs. Robert F. Lyons and many others, whose names are each a voucher of good.

Grateful for assistance from any source, say the partisans of this Women's Institute, we appeal in especial to women for their sympathy, co-operation and material aid.

When it is realized that the beneficiaries are women like unto themselves, delicate, sensitive and refined in their natures, possessing the same instincts and the same desire to preserve in its entirety the natural modesty and self-respect that is at once the safeguard and glory of womanhood, surely every wife, sister and daughter in this great city, should feel it a blessed privilege to extend a helping hand in this endeavor to make relief *at the hands of women*, without money or price, available to all to whom help is needful.

The Women's Institute designs to secure at as early a day as practicable a building lot for a hospital, and propose to extend its privileges to women of the same class as at present are served; but, in addition to this, to fill an urgent want in the community by the instruction and training of a corps of respectable and intelligent women to become efficient, professional nurses.

The marked general inefficiency of so-called nurses, and, in many cases, their proclivities to intemperance, antagonistic to the best efforts of physicians, cry aloud for remedy, and it is designed to strike at the root of the evil.

Contributions to this benevolence will possess a double value in these earlier days of the enterprise; and it is earnestly believed it will not be left to languish.

Clergymen of all denominations, principals of schools, employers of women and others interested will be furnished with cards admitting beneficiaries to the Dispensary on application to the physician in charge, to Mrs. Appleton, of 459 Sixth Avenue, or to any of the trustees.

PARLOR ORNAMENTS.

BY AUNT NANCY.

A parlor ornament of the flesh and blood variety is a very costly thing to keep. If like wood, marble or bronze decorations, it could be purchased for a sum of money, put into position, and stay put, no reasonable complaint need be made; for the poet says, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and I am not prepared to dispute it; but some of the parlor ornaments to which I refer are not things of beauty, but they are everlasting bills of expense. Their points of resemblance with inanimate pieces of parlor furniture are rather striking. You ask the white, listless hands what they can do, they answer nothing; you ask the skull under the frizzled locks what it knows, and the answer is still nothing to speak of, certainly nothing of use. A parlor ornament may be briefly and succinctly described as an ornamental peg to hang good clothes on.

I do not mean to say that there are not sensible girls, some of them, alas! more sensible than their mothers—girls who are capable of developing into very worthy women in spite of their devotion to pleasure and the comparatively butterfly existence which they lead.

I like to see young people enjoy themselves as well as anybody living. I love their fresh, young faces, rosy cheeks, and bright eyes, and have not travelled so far along into old maidendom as to quite forget how young folks feel, and how lovely and good the world looks in that dear, delightful, spoony, rose-colored time. I am quite of the modern opinion that parents ought to do all they can in reason for their children's happiness; but I do protest against the tyranny which young girls now exercise over their parents, and the selfishness they manifest in the pursuit of their own enjoyments.

There is Belle Hinton over across the way. What a dainty piece of femininity she looks as she comes tripping down the steps of the house with her ruffles and flounces all in trim, her feet beautifully shod, her hands exquisitely gloved, thick braids of expensive false hair adorning her head, and numbers of twinkling, fairy-like jewels about her person.

I have peeped a little behind the scenes and I know what an expensive luxury Bell is to the Hintons. Her father is not well off—not as well off as he used to be—and poor Mrs. Hinton spends the greater part of her time drudging in a little, dingy chamber over Bell's wardrobe, so that the parlor ornament may be properly arrayed in season and out of season. Why, a modern girl's underclothing demands more time in the making than a maiden fifty years ago spent on all the garments she wore.

The whole thing is a sham, for Bell dresses twice as well as the family can afford to let her and not pinch and economize on the necessities of life. It is never a pleasant sight to me to see silk dresses and gew-gaws saved off of the family mutton; and when I behold Bell, I can generally calculate pretty nearly

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how much her outfit has cost in butchers' meat.

Bell goes to a fashionable Episcopal church where she will meet her own set, but her mother, in a shabby gown, says her prayers in a little chapel around the corner, of no fame or consideration in the fashionable world.

I hope I am not doing that gay, thoughtless young creature wrong when I say she would rather not meet her own mother in the street, as she departs early in the morning, with her mortified looking bonnet and her market basket on her arm to buy the family provisions, which, I suspect, are secured by no end of Jewing among the dealers.

Mrs. Hinton is an old friend of Mary's. They were girls together years ago, when the Bancrofts, Mrs. Hinton's own family, held their heads pretty high; but poor Mrs. Hinton has been pulled through so many troubles since then she is quite a changed being in all but her abject submission to the world. I believe the only comfort she enjoys is coming into our cozy little sitting-room of a morning, and talking over her troubles with her old friend; albeit, Mary is rather plain of speech, and they disagree on most subjects. Not long ago, she came in and sat down with such a worn and weary look, I pitied her from my heart.

"What is the matter now?" inquired Mary, sympathetically. "Oh, nothing more than usual," returned Mrs. Hinton, in a tone of enforced resignation; "only Bell has been invited to another large party, and she says she must have a new dress. I shouldn't mind the expense of the material much, for Bell is willing this time to put up with some thin stuff like illusion or tarleton, but it is the trouble of making. Such a costume don't look like anything unless it is covered with ruffles and puffs; and I shall have all that to do myself. Miss Betts, the dressmaker, we usually employ, can give us only one day next week, and it does seem as though the task was too great for my strength. That kind of work you know requires no end of patience, and just now we have only the most miserable apology for a girl in the kitchen, so that I am obliged to attend a great deal to household matters. Bell is dreadfully particular, and I get so nervous over ripping out and fussing that I dream about it at night. This slavery to dress, and the changes in the fashions take away my peace of mind; but one has got to conform to society, there's no use contending against it. A girl's fortune may be made or ruined by little things. It is humiliating to acknowledge, but I know Mrs. Atherton never would come and take Bell out in her carriage, or invite her to her house if she didn't dress in style; and I can own to you that Bell's chances in life depend very much on her keeping in the set to which she now belongs, and of course, I am obliged to make some sacrifices."

"That may be," said Mary, trying to speak calmly, "but to my mind it offers no good reason for allowing girls to wear out their mothers' lives, that they may float around entirely free from care. Why don't Bell attend to her own wardrobe? She is young and as strong as you are, certainly; for I often see her go out early and come in late, and the round of parties she attends in a single month must be a great tax on physical vigor."

"Bell lives on excitement," returned Mrs. Hinton with a sigh. "She can dance longer

than any girl I ever saw, but when she takes a needle in her hand and sits down to sew, it brings on a nervous headache directly, and then all she can do is to lie on the sofa, and direct how things shall be done. I do believe Bell could keep a dozen women busy, she has such a genius for planning. There's another thing about it: a girl has to be dressed to receive company, you know, and if she attempts to do anything it is the same as labor lost. I often think it is better and easier for me to do all the work myself than to attempt to have Bell help."

"I have old-fashioned notions perhaps," said Mary, with a little asperity in her kind voice, "but it seems to me altogether out of place for a girl to be dressed up, receiving her friends in the parlor, while her mother is toiling over her finery up stairs. I was brought up to think that mother must be considered before any other member of the family; that a mother's place was in fact at the head of the household; and the present fashion of allowing the young daughter to push the mother aside and usurp her station at the very time there ought to be some dignity and repose in the mother's life, is pernicious. She is made the slave of all the caprices of frivolous and absurd dressing that a thoughtless girl's fancy can invent, and I am determined Grace shall not be brought up in this way if she lives to be an old maid fifty times over."

"I know it's wrong," sighed Mrs. Hinton, helplessly, "but what can one do? A girl like Bell would have her prospects in life ruined if it was suspected that she worked. Girls have got to be useless, idle, good-for-nothing creatures to go in the best society and secure a husband in that station. Bell is stylish and much admired, and if young men were not such mercenary creatures, always on the watch to marry money, I should have some hope for her getting settled to her mind. She has a great taste for elegance; I used to have when a girl, but it has been beaten out of me. All I ask now is to get into some corner and just rest."

When Mrs. Hinton had left, Mary sighed, and said, "That woman is the most hopeless case I ever saw. You may preach to her a year and she will agree to everything you say, and then go on in exactly the old way. I should get out of patience with her if there wasn't something so pathetic in the sight of a young creature like Bell, nagging an old one like Mrs. Hinton, especially when the old one happens to be her mother."

Some weeks passed, and one morning Mrs. Hinton came in with a radiant face. "I have such a piece of news for you," said she, "Bell is actually engaged; Mr. Seldon, the banker, you know."

"Why, Mr. Seldon is an old, gray-haired man," exclaimed Mary.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Hinton, her enthusiasm a little damped; "but then," she added, laughing, "Bell says she would rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave; and Mr. Seldon does dote on her so; and there's a beautiful city house to step right into the day she's married, and a place in the country; and Bell says she shall have Woerth make all her dresses. It will be such a comfort. The poor child has always hated so to be poor. You ought to see the solitaire diamond engagement ring, its such a beauty."

The woman was really transformed. Her

face in its intense satisfaction seemed to say, "Now, world, let thy servant depart in peace. The end of my being is fulfilled. I have disposed of my daughter to the highest bidder." My mind was curiously perplexed. I could not tell whether to pity her more in her adversity or, in her prosperity; and I wondered if the Turkish slave-market could offer anything more suggestive in its way than the career of a parlor ornament.

TWENTY YEARS' ADVOCACY OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY L. V. BIERCE.

I have just received several copies of your *REVOLUTION*—the first I have ever seen. I think they are not circulated in this section of "the vineyard." I have distributed those you sent me where I hope they will be good seed on good ground, producing much fruit.

I fully and most cordially sympathize in your aims and objects. Nor is it a new or unconsidered subject with me. As long ago as 1850 a convention was held in this Congressional district to nominate a candidate. Learning that my name would be presented to the convention for nomination, I wrote to a member of it, saying:

"I take this early opportunity of declining the proffered honor. I differ in opinion with perhaps the great body of the Democratic party. I hold that the whole human race are, or ought to be, politically equal, without distinction of sex or color. Should I, as the candidate of a political party, take the stump, as an honest man, I should avow that doctrine, and to the utmost of my ability enforce it."

"I prefer to remain in retirement, where I can avow my sentiments without fear of misrepresentation, leaving to those who have no principles, or, having, dare not avow them, the honors of office. I prefer honor to office; and so corrupt have party organizations become that, without a subserviency unworthy of a freeman, a man cannot obtain political distinction."

You may rely upon it, I was not nominated; but, in Western parlance, "I took the stump," and advocated my doctrine "on my own hook," regardless of party. At the close of one of my addresses, an old man (I guess he was a deacon; he ought to have been if he was not) came to me, and almost sorrowfully said, "Do you hold that women should have the right to vote?"

"Yes, sir," said I; "if they are human beings, subject to the laws, they should have a voice in making those laws."

"Don't you know," said he, "what St. Paul says, that women should remain at home and learn of their husbands?"

"St. Paul," said I, "was an old bachelor, and what in thunder did he know about woman's rights?"

I wrote and published in our country papers—articles on the subject (some of which I may send you); but the sneers of the men, and, still worse, *apathy of the women*, prevented any visibly good effects.

Engaged in the army for two years and a half in the late "unpleasantness," on all proper occasions I advocated the same doctrine. On one occasion a lady from New Albany, Ind., wife of one of the officers, said: "The women don't want the right to vote."

Said I, "That used to be said of the slaves, that they didn't want their freedom; but, if true, it only showed that degradation had destroyed their manhood. I hope the ladies of the United States have not thus lost their womanhood."

The subject by this time had become a little bitter, and, as the minstrels say, we "drapt" the subject.

I may send you some of my articles published twenty odd years ago. Perhaps this hasty scrawl may be all you will want.

To compensate you for the trouble of reading this reminiscence of my labors in the cause of "woman's rights," I enclose you two dollars for your paper. I have the first five numbers of the present volume.

AKRON, O., February 14, 1871.

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Notes About Women.

—Beecher says love without conscience is mush.

—"Extreme stinginess" is said to be a ground for divorce in Germany.

—A Wisconsin girl walks fourteen miles a day to teach school.

—A Troy judge has decided that a woman cannot steal from her husband.

—The town of Dennis has elected four ladies upon its school board.

—New York ladies are making billiards a favorite pastime.

—Lincoln, Ill., claims the most beautiful girl in the United States. Happy Lincoln!

—A fond father in Vermont offers his farm to any man who will marry his daughter.

—Queen Victoria hopes to see John Bright as a guest at one of her palaces.

—Lace sashes are among the latest novelties.

—Vinnie Ream is announced as the latest candidate for the lecture field.

—Kate Field will lecture in London this year.

A Louisville dressmaker has inherited a fortune of \$70,000.

—Ten young lady compositors enjoy good situations in an Oswego newspaper office.

—Mrs. Sarah A. Littlefield has been elected Superintendent of the Common Schools in Crocker County, Iowa.

—Mrs. Phillips, a Chicago artist, has painted a three-quarter length portrait of Nilsson, for the Swedish Society of that city.

—The *Saturday Review* complains that tipping is becoming too much the fashion among the women of England.

—Madame Parepa Rosa has buried her child. It was born January 28th, was a boy, and did not live an hour.

—The Emperor William annuls the marriages of his army officers made without his consent.

—It is said that a tea-party and fate in the form of a woman destroyed Bret Harte's prospects in Chicago.

—Mrs. Laura Fair, of San Francisco, who killed Mr. Crittenden, is soon to be brought to trial.

—We regret to announce the death of Miss Hannah Lyman, the accomplished Principal of Vassar College.

—To young housekeepers—Never weigh fish in their own scales; you are sure to lose by it.

—Munich women have voted to Kaiser Wilhelm a laurel wreath of gold and to Von Moltke a statue.

—Sierra Nevada Lotta is the extensive mountaneous appellation of a Leavenworth bride.

—Mrs. Hamilton, formerly of Boston, is the author of the last new novel "Woven of Many Threads."

—An old lady witness in a Chicago disorderly case said: "There was an old family fuel between them."

—A Cleveland millinery firm—the partners young ladies—is said to have cleared forty thousand dollars within the last four years.

—Miss Anthony's address until last of March is care of Mr. C. S. Carter, Arcade Building, Chicago, Ill. Letters not on Lecture engagements should be marked "personal."

—The Boston Protective Union for Working Women, after paying its necessary expenses, report that they have \$517 remaining in the treasury.

—Mlle. Schneider is not dead. It appears she has been the victim of a poor joke; but it is to be hoped the moralizings of the newspapers over her demise will do her good.

—The Vicksburg girl of the period, being called upon for some last "words," promptly remarked: "Bury me in a Pompadour waist, cut bias."

—A New Haven woman, who recently got married, took her wedding tour in a horse-car, and was just as well satisfied as though she had visited "Niagara in Winter."

—A Boston saloon-girl writes to say no young women, as a class, work harder, or are more virtuous, than the saloon girls of Boston.

—Nilsson sung in Terre Haute, Ind., and a local editor there says, "her notes fell on the tendrils of his heart like the bubbling music of distant waterfalls on a bed of crushed roses."

—The Duchess de Frias died at Madrid on Sunday. She was well known as Miss Victoire Balfe, second daughter of the late celebrated composer.

—Dinah Maria Muloch is said to have written more than one thousand poems she has never printed, as they failed on due consideration to please her fastidious taste.

—On Monday last, Mrs. C. B. Wilbour was re-elected President of Sorosis. She has fulfilled her delicate and responsible duties greatly to the satisfaction of the club, and her election to a new term gives much joy.

—The wife of Marshal McMalon is unceasing in her efforts to soothe the suffering of the thirty-two thousand Frenchmen held prisoners in Mayence. She is very popular among the prisoners, who call her their good angel.

—A writer says that for the last quarter of a century woman has been gaining on man, and it is fair to suppose that in time she will take the lead, and that civilization will be the gainer thereby.

—Teresita Canzio, Garibaldi's only daughter, died recently at Rome. She was a child of the general's first wife, the Spanish creole Anita, and twin with Ricciotti, his youngest son.

—Our readers will doubtless be interested in the sketch printed in this issue of the famous Princess Ghika, better known by her *nom de plume* Dora D'Istria, and also in the letter addressed by the same distinguished lady to Mrs. Bullard.

—A holy life is made up of a number of small things. Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons—little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor one great, heroic act or mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life.

—Of forty-eight Sisters of Charity tending the small-pox patients in the Bicetre Hospital at Paris, eleven died of the hideous malady. Volunteers from the sisterhood were called for to fill their places, and thirty-three instantly responded.

—It seems quite probable that the women in Washington will secure one point this session, viz: The equality of the sexes in pay and position in all branches of the civil service.

—Chicago has a lady barber. An editor thinks she might exert a humanizing influence over young men who are struggling with a moustache—"largely laid out and thinly settled, like some Western cities."

—An exchange says: "Miss Anthony's Western lecturing tour has proved very successful, bringing her both fame and money."

We are heartily glad for she deserves both in large measure pressed down and brimming over.

—In the New York Legislature a bill has been introduced, giving women the same rights to property as men, releasing husbands from any liability for the wife's debts, making married women liable to suit, like men, etc.

—A. I. Boyer, formerly co-editor of the *Woman's Advocate*, with Mrs. Cole, has started a new paper at Dayton, Ohio, called the *Nineteenth Century*. It is a bold, fearless little sheet in its advocacy of civil and religious reforms, and deserves abundant success.

—The Princess Dora d'Istria, who has permanently taken up her residence in Florence, has just been elected an honorary member of the Academy Pico della Mirandola. The Princess is engaged in preparing a work on the popular songs of Turkey.

—A movement is on foot in Boston for a mass meeting of the suffering sewing girls, having for its object the declaration that they will not be presented to the community as paupers; that if anybody wishes to help them he or she must give them work at living prices.

—Genius is always cropping out in new directions. Witness the following:

"There is a young lady in Philadelphia who, whenever she feels like enjoying a joke, drops her bonnet and shawl on Fairmount bridge, and then stays away from her friends for a week or so. She enjoys their distress of mind."

—An ingenious Jenkins has invented the following:

"Something for the novelists and playwrights. Your hero kills your heroine by a poisoned postage stamp, which he sends her in a note requesting an answer, and gets the evidence of guilt into his hands again by return mail."

—Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell has settled in London to a good practice; has appeared several times in public; has been denounced by a portion of the press for writing a pamphlet addressed to the poor, exhorting them to stop having such remorselessly large families, and is soon to deliver a lecture at St. George's Hall.

—It is stated that Mr. Herbert Spencer's writings can be bought at St. Petersburg in a Russian version, although none of them have appeared in a French or German translation. Mr. Mill's "Subjection of Woman" has also found a translator in Russia, and not, it is believed, in France or Germany.

—Mrs. Hawthorne, the widow of the famous romancer, died recently at her residence near Kensington, London. Since her husband's death she has been engaged in the preparation of his "Note Books" for publication. She was the sister of Mrs. Horace Mann and Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, and was a woman of rare gifts and the finest culture.

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—We regret to say that the report prepared of Mrs. Woodhull's lecture, recently delivered at Cooper Institute, was lost in the printing office at too late an hour to enable us to reproduce it. Mrs. Woodhull was greeted by a very large audience, and her speech received high commendation for its close logical reasoning.

—A young lady writer in Chicago thus ventilates her honest indignation:

"Tell me a young man will make a good husband if he will abuse a dumb beast! I tell you I would rather marry a Sepoy. Take my advice, ye young maidens contemplating matrimony. Never marry a man who is impudent to his mother, snubs his sister, helps himself to the biggest piece of cake, or beats his horse causelessly in a fit of temper."

—The death is announced of Frau Agnes Schebest, the dramatic singer, the wife of Herr Dr. Strauss (author of the "Life of Jesus.") She was born in Vienna on the 15th of February, 1815. She commenced her operatic career as a singer in the chorus at Dresden, rose to undertake small parts, and finally became a star of the first magnitude in Germany, in the principal theatres.

—Clara Louisa Kellogg rode on the locomotive and officiated as fireman between Wilkes-Barre and Penn Haven junction, Penn., recently. She was wild with the delight of her novel position, and rang the bells with a zest at stations and crossings. When she resumed her seat in the special car provided for her party, she said she had just enacted the greatest romance of her life.

—Mr. Hitchman, Speaker of the Assembly has promised to present the following memorial to the Legislature of this State:

We, the undersigned tax-paying and law-abiding citizens of the State of New York, do respectfully request your honorable body to remove our political disabilities by striking the word "male" from the qualifications for voters in said State. We ask this in the name of Justice and of Freedom, since it is unjust to demand from us the duties of citizenship and deny to us its privileges, and in a State where one half the inhabitants have no voice in the government, there can be no such thing as freedom.

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE,
ABBY BURTON CHESBY,
CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR.

—When lecturing recently at Davenport, Mrs. Stanton was very flatteringly introduced to the audience by Mr. Lounsbury, President of Griswold College. Mrs. Stanton remarked that she had not had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Lounsbury since they contended for a Greek prize long ago, at the Johnstown (N. Y.) Academy. The President gallantly responded that on that occasion he was beaten by Miss Elizabeth Cady, and that he had always regarded his defeat as a high honor; for Miss Cady was the best Greek and Latin scholar in the Academy.

—Mrs. Mary F. Davis is doing noble work for woman in New Jersey. She has sent an able memorial to the State Legislature setting forth the great injustice practiced against a large portion of the citizens of the State, by denying them the right to vote. "On the second of July, 1776, the Provincial Congress of New Jersey, at Burlington, adopted a Constitution, which remained in force until 1844, in which section 4 specified, as voters, 'all the inhabitants of this colony, of full age,' &c. In 1790, a Committee of the Legislature reported a Bill regulating elections, in which the words 'he or she' are applied to voters, thus giving legislative endorsement to the alleged meaning of the Constitution. The Legislature of 1807 departed from this wise and just precedent and passed an arbitrary act, in direct violation of the Constitutional provision, restricting the suffrage to white male adult citizens."

—When Mrs. C. B. Willbourn had finished reading her speech at the Newark Conference, Mr. John Whitehead, the President, said: "That is the best legal argument on woman suffrage I ever heard. That lady would make a grand lawyer," adding playfully, "If she were to open an office here I should retire from business."

—The good example set by Manchester and London, in electing women upon the school board, has been followed in other parts of England. In venerable Oxford even, a lady candidate, Miss E. E. Smith, is reported to be elected, and in Bath, after a closely contested election, two lady candidates are returned, Miss Shum, a Methodist, and Miss Ashworth, of the Society of Friends.

—Somebody aptly asks, in reference to the appalling prospect of future political feuds between husbands and wives, whether it would not be well to agitate the question of excluding the gentler sex from church membership, and of denying freedom of religious opinion to them, for fear that their views and principles may clash with those of their august masters and owners?

—Mrs. S. Petigru Bowen acknowledges that her pseudo husband "drifted into the company of gamblers and prostitutes and led their life," and yet she asks that mercy be shown him. Let him get out of Congress, and nobody will object to show him mercy, as it happens that crimes such as he is charged with are only too easily condoned when committed by men; but the mischief of making our national legislature a reformatory institution must be apparent to all.

✓—Wendell Phillips writes to the *National Standard*, from Washington, on the enfranchisement of woman under the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments as follows:

One caution we think its friends should heed. Do not bring it too soon before any court. Judges, like other men, are borne along by public opinion. Wait then till Judges feel the pressure of a reorganized public opinion on this law point. A decision against us blocks the way more disastrously than the loss of a year or two. We made this mistake in Massachusetts, when we prematurely brought the question of colored schools before the Courts. An adverse opinion gave us great trouble. Had we waited two or three years, the Court would have risen to our level.

—The London papers announce Miss Garrett's approaching marriage to Mr. Anderson, who is also a physician, and they further state as if it were a most startling fact that the bride will continue the practice of her profession after her marriage, under her new name of Garrett Anderson.

What is there so marvellous in this? Did not Ristori and Mrs. Siddons play, Sonntag and Jenny Lind sing, Mrs. Somerville continue her scientific studies, Mrs. Stowe and a host of other authoresses write books after their marriage, and why should not a woman physician pursue her profession also after wedlock?

Must marriage, in order to meet the world's ideal, be a total extinguisher of all a woman's distinctive studies and pursuits? Must she drop all her other researches, and accepting Pope's statement that "the proper study for mankind is man," ever after wedlock devote herself solely to the investigation of her liege lord's tastes and idiosyncracies? No doubt the man of the nineteenth century is a noble creature, but is he worth the entire attention of the woman of this age to the exclusion of all other objects of interest? We pause for a reply.

—The following estimate of woman's love appears in an English contemporary: "A French woman will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman, if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman, if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman, if he wreaks vengeance on those who incur her displeasure; an Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman, if he thinks that her native country is the happiest and brightest on earth; a Russian woman, if he despises all Westerners as miserable barbarians; an English woman, if he succeeds in ingratiating himself with the Court and aristocracy; an American woman, if he has plenty of money."

—A Virginia paper says: "The man who gets one of our best Rockingham girls for a wife does a splendid business for himself. No portion of the country that we have ever seen or heard of can furnish more enterprising women than ours. A widower in Clark county, Va., had the good fortune to get one of our Rockingham girls, who, from her poultry alone the past season, made almost enough to support a small family. This lady raised from five turkey hens seventy-five turkeys. In addition to these she raised between three hundred and four hundred chickens. She sent forty-nine of her turkeys to Washington the week before Christmas, and obtained for the 20 cents per pound, the lot bringing \$210. She has sold \$111.10 worth of poultry this fall and winter. In one month she gathered and sold fifty-two dozen of eggs. This lady is a young housekeeper too, and has the care of a growing family upon her hands."

—Mr. Mill gave an address at Edinburgh on the 12th inst., in favour of women suffrage. His argument was, that so long as woman have not equal rights with men they will never be fairly treated. Men's good feeling could not be trusted to secure it. That was shown every day by the police reports. Even apart from justice, Mr. Mill said there are many reasons why the suffrage should be given to women, but I will content myself with two. One, and the strongest, is that which has often been unthinkingly employed on the other side—woman has so much power already. A man's wife is very often the real promoter of his public actions, yet it is only an extremely small minority of women who have anything that deserves the name of a conscience on public affairs. How could a woman have a conscience about public affairs if she were taught to believe that they were no concern of hers? Give woman the same rights as man, and the same obligations would follow. Another reason is the vast amount of brain power and practical business talent which now lie waste for want of outlet into that great field of public usefulness, in which no one would pretend that such qualities were not very much wanted. The whole movement of modern society from the middle ages until now, and which has been greatly accelerated in the present century, points in the direction of the political enfranchisement of women. Their exclusion is the last remnant of the old state of society. The regime of privileges and disabilities, and of all monopolies, is gone or going, and the whole spirit of the time is against predetermining by law that one set of persons should be allowed by right of birth to have and to do what others are not by any amount of exertion or superiority of talent allowed to retain.

Our Mail Bag.

VICTORIA PRESS, Feb. 13, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I shall not waste any time by making excuses for my silence, but I really do not know just now which way to turn, and yet there is much going on in England to interest your readers.

To begin with, as you will see from the *Victoria Magazine*, for February, your countrywoman, Mrs. Ernestine Rose, has made an excellent speech at Bath. She was present at the meeting in the Guildhall, to secure the return of Miss Ashworth, (John Bright's niece), and Miss Shurn, and made a very telling speech in their favor. I believe, though, I am wrong in calling Mrs. Rose an American, but anyhow it is the country of her adoption. Her speech was elicited by the reading of Mrs. Burdett Coutt's letter, about which I have already written to you, and very ably did she deal with it. I am glad to say both Miss Shurn and Miss Ashworth are returned, of the latter I need only repeat what the Chairman of the meeting stated, viz: that "She is a lady of leisure, of ability, of ample means, great earnestness, considerable knowledge of the poorer classes, and sincerely desirous to do all that is right and just." I have had the pleasure of visiting Miss Ashworth and her sister, at Clarenton Lodge, on the occasion of one of my Lectures at Bath, and I cordially re-echo Mr. Murch's sentiments. Both she and her sister (a peculiarly bright, winning girl) are actively engaged in every movement for the good of their sex, and freely spend both their time and money to advance the cause. Their cousin, (one of Mr. John Bright's daughters) accompanied them to a lecture I gave sometime since, in the Bath Assembly Rooms, and the latter thanked me most enthusiastically for what I said respecting women as Doctors, and told me nothing would have given her so much pleasure as a Doctor's career, and circumstances alone had held her back from it. *Apropos of Doctors*, an action for damages against Miss Jex-Blake, the distinguished lady medical student at Edinburgh University, has been raised in the Court of Sessions, at the instance of Mr. Cunningham Craig, assistant to Professor Christison. The damages are laid at £1,000. The action is founded on certain statements alleged to effect the pursuer's character which defender is reported to have made in a speech which she delivered at a recent public meeting in Edinburgh of contributors to the Royal Infirmary, when the question of admitting lady students to the regular course of classical study in wards of the infirmary was under discussion. This case will be tried by a jury.

And before I leave the Doctors, let me tell you that Elizabeth Garrett, M.D., was married to Mr. James Anderson, at half-past eight o'clock last Thursday morning (9th), by the bridegroom's father, in a Presbyterian Church in Marylebone; she belongs to the Church of England herself, but it is said that she objects to the marriage service which contains the promise to "obey," and therefore declined to have the ceremony performed at her usual place of worship—the Rev. Lt. Davies' church; the said Mr. Davies is the brother of the lady who was appointed together with Dr. Garrett Anderson, to serve on the London School Board.

The Victoria Discussion Society met last

Monday. The Countess d' Arigon, Lady Rose, Lady Bevan, Sir Antonio Bond, and a full complement of members were present for the purpose of hearing a paper by Mr. Phillip Bevan (editor of the *Ford Journal*), on the "Necessity of Education in Domestic Economy." I will give you the *Morning Post* account of it:

The chair was occupied by Lord LYTTELTON, who said he read some time ago a pamphlet by Dr. Booth, one of the secretaries to the committee appointed by the Society of Arts to inquire into this question of domestic economy, in which he stated that he did not believe there was in the whole parish of Wandsworth a girl of 17 who was able to cook a potato. He (the noble chairman) was afraid such ignorance prevailed to a large extent in the present day. It seemed as if the people of the middle class thought it would be time enough to learn domestic economy when they had a house of their own in which to practice it. They seemed to have a horror of that which they call "innovation;" but to know how to cook and how to manage a house was an accomplishment taught to and understood by our grandmothers. The subject was a most interesting one, and he would not keep them longer from its consideration. He therefore called upon

Mr. PHILLIPS BEVAN, whose paper was in its essential points as follows: The evils which are produced by the neglect of our practical duties as masters and mistresses of households are not light ones, and although it may seem ridiculous to say that because ladies of England cannot cook a pudding like their great grandmothers could and did, the country is coming to grief, it is nevertheless a real and a sad truth. We are threatened in our stronghold—our home life—and the neglect of housekeeping is only one of the outward and visible signs of deterioration. Domestic economy has a much larger range than people seem to be aware of. It embraces great sanitary questions well worthy the attention of our authorities, but which appears to be unaccountably overlooked. If in our domestic education we could also impart a knowledge of quality we should aim a terrible blow at the evil of adulteration—an evil which can only be expressed by the word poisoning, and which is insidiously doing more damage to the national health and strength than half a dozen epidemics of cholera and small-pox.

Miss FAITHFULL on being called on to explain the plan, stated that it must be regarded as a suggestion, for whether it is even carried into action depends upon the amount of practical support it obtains from the general public. Here, she observed, that as Lord Shaftesbury said, in a letter she received from him last week, "We can no more teach girls to be good servants and excellent housewives by rule and measure, than we can teach a lad to swim by making him sprawl on the floor." All our training schools have experienced this difficulty, and our cooking schools have been entirely conquered by it. We must therefore resort to combination, if we want to have an efficient school for training in domestic economy; we must have an establishment which will consume the food, and afford industrial employment; and I would go a step further and say that such an Institute ought to be self-supporting. I therefore propose to meet two requirements together, and I am glad to say that Lord Shaftesbury, the Countess of Warwick, Lady Collier, Dr. Sieveking, and several friends have promised to help, and perhaps a brief abstract of the paper I hold in my hand will enable those who are to address us tonight to throw out some useful hints. Mr. Bevan has spoken so fully of the need which exists, that I shall pass on at once to our plan for dealing with it.

A proposition is about to be made to remedy these evils, which strike at the root of English society; and at the same time to supply several requirements which have long been severely felt by ladies resident in, or temporary visitors to, London. For these purposes it is hoped to form a self-supporting Training School, to include the thorough teaching of a certain number of resident servants in the several duties of Cooks, Kitchen, House, Chamber and Parlor Maids, while instruction would be given to daily learners in the culinary and confectionary departments.

Lectures also would be delivered on food, cooking, housekeeping, the laws of health and other subjects, while practical lessons in the preparation and dressing of meat, poultry, fish, vegetables, &c., including the higher branches of the culinary art, such as made-dishes, confectionary, ices, setting of the table and desert, &c., would be offered to those ladies who wish to gain an insight into this necessary art.

The Institute will include a Ladies' Reading-room and Restaurant; but I will not take up your time any more, but venture to remind you, that many people tell us that we should be doing a really useful work if we helped to fit women for home duties. "We don't care," they often say, "about the franchise, but we should gladly forward a movement which would fit women to become wives." Well, here is the opportunity. The complaint has been made for years, the letters in the *Times* signed by "A French Lady" called increased attention to our deficiencies in these respects, and we have therefore thought it right to organize a plan of attack. I am ready to give some personal trouble to it, but the sinews of war must be forthcoming. If the complaint is genuine, and the remedy a good one, they ought not to be wanting, any how we shall not be the persons who show a lack of interest in this important part of a woman's duty.

Dr. Muter, Mr. Lewis, Captain Warren, Mrs. Sims, Mr. Haskins, and others, joined in the discussion, which was ably summed up by Lord Lyttelton, who announced that he was to have the honor of presiding at the Hanover Square Rooms, Feb. 20, when Miss Emily Faithfull had kindly consented to give a lecture on "Woman's Work and Woman's Sphere," and he hoped all present would attend on that occasion, for Miss Faithfull had offered to devote the entire proceeds to the Dowager Marchioness of Lothian's fund—the female French refugees.

Very truly yours,

EMILY FAITHFULL.

A RUSSIAN PRINCESS ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

VILLA D' ISTRIA, Florence.

MRS. LAURA CURTIS BULLARD,—

Madame: You ask of me some details on the civil condition of woman in Russia. I think the best reply I can make is by sending you an extract from a chapter of my "Women," the chapter being a *resume* of the codes. After having written a history of Russian legislation in its relation to the condition of women, and showed that even after the changes introduced by Nicholas I. they were not excluded from the throne, I added: "These arrangements are greatly superior to the law the French call 'Loi Salique'—a law whose very name recalls its barbarous origin, and which is a tissue of contradictions. In short, France will confide without any hesitation the reins of government to a foreigner, an Austrian, a Spaniard, or any other, and that, too, in the midst of difficulties, of struggles of every sort, inseparable from a regency, and yet refuse to the daughter of a French sovereign the right to wear a crown."

If the legislators of the great Western Empire by such laws can establish that *man* represents *reason*, as Jules Simon, the republican philosopher has it, they are given to strange illusions.

The civil legislators of Russia merit, above all, in the questions with which we are occupied, special attention. The law of community of property introduced by the Barbarians into France has never been admitted into Russia. The property belonging to each at the time of marriage remains the same. The dowry of the woman, the property she may acquire by purchase, inheritance, or donation, constitutes the private fortune of the wife; consequently her property could not be taken in payment of any prosecution against the husband, even if she had received it in gift from him. Not only has woman the right of property of her own fortune, but *no one* has any right to prevent her free and complete administration of it. She can mortgage, pledge

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or sell her possessions without the consent or assistance of her husband. This is as it should be, as if she were in business or in commerce; unless she worked exclusively for herself, she would need the authority of her husband for signing notes, drafts, etc.

Since these pages were written, they have established in Russia elective councils for each provincial government. All women of the same conditions demanded for men can vote like them. This liberal arrangement is borrowed from Austria.

DORA D'ISTRIA.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL.

WASHINGTON, February 23.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Anxious that you should be fully posted as to the grand work doing here in the very heart of the nation, I seize my first leisure moment to tell you that Mrs. Hooker gave her moral argument on the "Constitution," Monday evening, in the Baptist Church on E street. Rev. Dr. Newman, Chaplain of the Senate, opened the meeting with prayer.

The audience was of the very best class, and the fact that a meeting could be held at all showed the deep interest there is in the cause.

It was the first evening of the carnival, and Pennsylvania Avenue was gaily illuminated, and the finest ball ever given in this country was in progress at the Cochran Fine Art Gallery.

Just here *en passant*, I will observe that the carnival was a curious event in our history.

Old world customs of the olden time revived without the mirth and hilarity of a European carnival.

It was a strange exhibition to see the dense mass of human beings—men, women and children of all shades of color—huddled together two entire days, standing quietly waiting for something. The avenue from the Treasury to the Capitol was literally packed; not only the broad sidewalks with the standers, but every window, door and balcony, even to the roofs, where they sat in the cold raw wind. All were well-behaved except one policeman who, clothed with a little brief authority, wished to make the most of it.

Few of the equipages of the elite were out for the carriage drive. In Europe, I have seen kings, princes, dukes, and all the lesser nobility in their royal robes, with their splendid horses, their gorgeous carriages, their postillions and out-riders, in scarlet, green, blue, violet and maroon, broidered with gold and silver, driving for hours upon the Corso, bowing to everybody, giving and receiving bouquets, laughing and enjoying with real zest, the pranks of the Lord of Misrule and his followers. But here they were as grave as owls wondering what was to come next.

Republican America does not hold high carnival with the people. It will not do to come so near them.

The only really American idea, was the Commission to the Indians. Four friends, with plain bonnets and large, smooth, placid faces, bowed and smiled blandly up and down the avenue. The flag we all honor so much was conspicuous in the procession.

How honestly we have taught our children to reverence it, and what genuine heart throbs of joy were ours, when we realized

that the black stain of slavery was cleansed from its folds; but should justice now be withheld from woman, after her years of self-abnegation, enthusiasm of the past could never be revived; it is not for us and our daughters that its folds are thrown to the breeze; only for man is it unfurled. Is it not strange that they have dared thus to divorce what God joined together, and now, when we demand the union, turn us to ridicule and compel us to hardships that go far toward hardening our hearts against the sex? If it were not for some generous, noble ones who redeem the rest from the contempt they deserve, we should be ready to do what the Southerner said, "emigrate," if there was anywhere to go where there were no "Yankees," i. e., men.

Yesterday, the 22d, was the cold water carnival, that is, the temperance societies held their meetings.

Here, again, was evidence of progress. I was invited by the President of the Congressional Temperance Society to speak, and actually did speak then and there. The ice is now broken, and for the good of the cause. I would advise without any reference to any other interest, that women shall be regularly invited to help them. Men and women treat the subject from very different standpoints of observation and both are needed.

In these Congressional temperance meetings they have taken up the hue and cry against women as the tempters of men from Eve down, and make her responsible for all their crimes. It seems to me about time to stop this. If Adam had been manly and said to Eve: "Do you think I am going to risk my all for a moment's indulgence of the appetite? No, Eve, you have behaved abominably, go your way," she would have had to walk out of Paradise alone, and Adam might have been there now for us to revere as a strong man. As it turned out I see nothing to boast of.

In the temperance order women are treated differently. They hold there perfect equality, and it is admitted that they bring in and save more than the man.

SUFFRAGE.

The suffrage meetings continue daily at the Capitol, new converts come in and gladden our hearts; lovely young girls come and ask what they can do to aid the work. It is the one topic at dinners; receptions are a little too inane for it to come up as the subject.

Gail Hamilton is at Speaker Blaine's for the winter. At the reception the other morning some ladies said they followed her all about the room, it was so refreshing to hear an idea advanced—to hear some one talk. I hope she had a little more logic in her talk than in her letter to the *Independent* which reminds one of Mr. Face-both-ways.

The suffrage meeting this P. M., was held in the prayer room of Lincoln Hall, the Committee room being too small for the advertised meetings when there is to be any speaking. To-day the discussion took an unexpected turn, viz: the loyalty of woman to woman, and many very good things were said, and well said. A great advance is made when woman will dare, for a sister woman to be brave and true to her own convictions. Mrs. Stearns, wife of the Senator of Minnesota, was present. A woman of many rare gifts and the rich graces of truth, purity and a

large loving heart, brave too, enough to take the victim of wrong and outrage by the hand, while she would give the cut direct to the perpetrator of the basest of all crimes, the betrayal of a woman.

Names are coming in rapidly, some with, and many without the dollar. Most of the names are from the west, north and south; very few east of the Hudson River. Why is New England so dead to this great work? We have here noble workers, but they do not seem able to stir up a constituency at home. If those who are sending names would combine and send a dozen or more on a sheet of foolscap paper, written with place and residence distinctly, it would save our Secretary much time and expense in answering, and publications could be sent to one instead of each individual. Please take note of this. There are many other things of interest I would like to tell you, but my letter is already too long. Adieu,

P. W. D.

WOMAN AN AFTER THOUGHT.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Sarah T. Bolton, of Indianapolis, in a speech before the Pythanean society, of the N. W. C. University, (an institution with a high sounding name and ample endowment, but which by its old fogey managers has been placed in the catalogue of insignificant nurseries of sectarian dogmas,) said that woman was not in God's original plan of creation, but purely an after thought, suggested by a contemplation of the lonely condition of the lord of creation. Therefore to suppose her equal to man is absurd as well as impious. She was taken from man's side, constructed from a single bone, which fact settles her relative position. She was not taken from his brain, therefore the fields of intellectual culture do not belong to her but to him, and those women who wander off into them are human comets.

The speaker, amidst much applause (think of it) closed her remarks with the declaration that the darkest page of history that will be ever written since the account of the angels' fall from heaven, will be the page that sets forth man's recognition of woman's rights.

And this comes from the lips of a woman who has for thirty years aspired to the poet's crown, failing in which she turns upon her sex, and especially those who have more fame in the intellectual arena, and vents her rage and disappointment after the alien fashion with the vain hope of securing that masculine praise for her treason, that her talents have failed to win. A slave inveighing against liberty, while clanking chains encircled his limbs would not present a more pitiable sight than this. Thank heaven such painful exhibitions are rare in this age.

Truly yours

T. A. B.

Burnett's Cologne—best in America.

Burnett's Cocaine, the best hair-dressing.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.

Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic.

Whitcomb's Asthma remedy—sure cure.

—MEN'S RIGHTS.—They have man milliners in San Francisco and gentlemen baby-linen manufacturers in Brooklyn.

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LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this Journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, but always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Principal Office, No. 31 Union Place, corner of State street, New York. Branch Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, MARCH 9, 1871.

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN IN FLORENCE.

THE PRINCESS KOLTZOFF MASSALSKY, (DORA D'ISTRIA.)
FLORENCE, Feb. 10th.

Florence is a city which has long possessed great attractions not only for pleasure-seekers but for scholars and artists. The Medicis, with all their faults, and they were not few or venial, had at least one merit—a love for art and literature, and a respect for men of genius and letters. They spared no pains and no money in making the galleries and libraries of Florence worthy of the study of all who made literature, science or art the business of their lives; they were the liberal patrons, also, of the laborious and earnest men who came hither from all parts of Italy, and from all parts of the world, to avail themselves of the facilities for study which Florence afforded them. And as a consequence of this, the town can perhaps boast of a larger array of great names, among her residents, than almost any other city of ancient or modern times.

Dante, Alfieri, Machiavelli, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Galileo, Benvenuto Cellini, and Americus Vespaccius, are only a few among the great men who have been dwellers here, and who have made Italy famous. England has sent hither her Milton, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Landor, and the Brownings, beside many others whose names time and space forbid us to chronicle, as well as the long list of celebrated men and women, from other lands, who have made Florence their home for a longer or shorter period—since the mere mention of their names would make a catalogue far too long for the limits of our brief paper.

Not only "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth," the temperate and healthful climate of Florence, its magnificent buildings, superb galleries, fine libraries, and also its cheapness of living and the freedom from conventionality of its social life, combine to make the city a most charming residence; and it is not strange that as it was in the past, so it is still in the present, a congenial home for scholars and artists of all nations.

Our present purpose is, however, only to speak of the famous women, who are just now residing here, among whom the Princess Helene Koltzoff-Massalsky, better known perhaps, by her *nom de plume*, Dora d'Istria, deserves to be first mentioned not so much for her high rank and great wealth, as for her splendid abilities and the noble purposes to which she has consecrated her life.

The Princess Ghika was born in Bukarest, Wallachia, in 1829. The family were the ruling princes in that province, but though

born to the purple they were a family of liberal ideas and democratic principles; of ancient Albanese stock, from their Greek ancestry the princely-house of Ghika inherited a hatred of tyranny, and a respect for popular liberty. This noble inheritance was still further developed in the Princess Helene by her careful education. At the age of six years she was a good Greek scholar, and her teacher, Mr. Pappadopoulos, finding her as he says "Gifted with wonderful powers of mind, and an indefatigable industry" soon saw "that the ordinary methods of teaching were not sufficient for her." He therefore soon put the works of Plato, into her hands, and with these and his own commentaries upon them, he sowed in the generous soil of her mind liberal ideas which have borne good fruit in after years.

Her father took her some years later to Germany, where she and her brothers pursued their studies under the same liberal influences. The education of Princess Helene was most thorough; she speaks nine languages, and is a scientific scholar of no mean order; but *belles lettres* have always been her favorite studies.

At the age of twenty she was married to a Russian Prince, and was introduced at the court of St. Petersburg, where her beauty, her talents, and her charming manners made no little sensation. She is a woman of stately presence and of more than an ordinary share of personal charms. Nature has been prodigal of her gifts to this her favored child. Her features are regular, her complexion clear and fair, her hair luxuriant, glossy, black and curling; and her hazel eyes are both soft and bright; her mobile expression lends to her face that charm of "an infinite variety" greater than all the rest; add to this her cleverness and amiable manners, and it was no wonder that she was soon a favorite in her new home.

But the atmosphere of a despotic court did not suit this generous nature. She soon wearied of her life there, and set out on a long journey through the East, of which her able work "The Women of the East" was the result.

In this work she gives an exhaustive account of the manners, customs, and condition of the women of the various tribes of that little known section of the world, which is well worth the careful consideration of those who claim that Christianity has done more for women than any other form of religion.

The first book which Dora d'Istria published, however, was a volume on "The Monastic Orders of the great Church" which at once excited general attention, and won for its author universal applause.

Since that time, in the intervals of her journeys, for she is an indefatigable traveler, she has found opportunity to write between thirty and forty volumes, on political, scientific and social subjects, as well as books of travel, romances, and plays.

It is hardly necessary to say after making this statement that her industry is one of her most marked characteristics. Besides these more important works, she finds time to write essays for various reviews, and she has been also an occasional correspondent of the New York Tribune.

That she is a strong woman's rights woman, it is hardly necessary to say, for that love of liberty and justice which has won for her from the Greek government, the gift of

citizenship, an honor never conferred upon any other woman, but which the Greek Parliament, by a unanimous vote bestowed upon her, as a proof of their appreciation of her efforts in their behalf, could not fail to make her long for the enfranchisement of her own sex.

Her last work "Woman by a Woman" is an able plea for equal rights, social, civil and political for women the world over.

In a letter to Salvatore Morelli, the Italian apostle of woman's rights, she says: "I find in your book a spirit of justice far superior to that which one usually meets with in publications upon this subject, whose importance cannot be ignored or underestimated in spite of its absurd treatment by superficial minds."

Whatever may be the conditions which the future reserves for your sex, it is very certain that in the eternal progress of institutions and of manners they cannot be the same as they were in the times when councils debated seriously as to whether women had souls! It is absolutely puerile to think that while everything is changing around, the present code of laws for women will remain perpetually as an ideal of just legislation.

Whether we regret it or whether we rejoice over it, all that lives must submit to the universal law of change, and a social system whose laws admit of no modification, would be a merely petrified society. Say and think what we please, if we would live we must accept the conditions, without which life is impossible. The material world itself which seems so stable, does not cease for an instant to obey this subtle law of transformation."

It is not strange that this philosophic mind should see clearly the social changes which must follow the universal law of development or that she has a large faith in the future of her sex.

She has studied America with great interest, and like all liberal thinkers rejoices at the success of our experiment of popular government. One of her remarks, however, a little startled us: "Your code of laws for women" she said "is a relic of barbarism; and no wonder, for your legislative system is copied from English law, and that is only the Roman code, adopted with slight variation. The women of despotic Russia" she continued "are better cared for by the laws of their country, than those of republican America; and this results from the fact that Russia has been ruled so often by Emperors, and they have naturally made laws favorable to their own sex."

No woman is more widely known or more highly esteemed in Europe than the Princess Ghika—and biographies of her have been written in all the languages of the old world.

She was adored in Venice for her ardent enthusiasm with that province in its struggle against Austrian rule, for her sympathies are always on the side of the oppressed.

From a Venetian writer we quote the following paragraph concerning her:

"To no Italian is the name of this illustrious lady unknown; a lady who by her social position, her fine moral qualities, and her splendid abilities well deserves to be the link of civilization between the East and the West."

This is only one of many specimens of the enthusiastic admiration felt for her by the Italians, who do not forget their friends of the days of their national despondency.

The Princess Helene intends visiting America soon; she not only reads, but speaks, Eng

lish well, and added to this advantage her well trained mind and keen powers of observation will, no doubt, enable her to get clearer notions of our social life, and our political peculiarities than has fallen to the experience of most foreigners who have visited our country.

THE EDUCATIONAL FORCING SYSTEM.

Mrs. R. B. Gleason, in the *Herald of Health*, presents a very important subject to the consideration of parents, &c: the over study and cramming of girls' minds at too early an age. She says:

"The first fault in their training is the insane haste to have them learn everything while young. By this means, their education is literally finished early—the intellectual force and flash being burned out, used up hopelessly. Of those thus crowded many die early, some are left permanent invalids, and others still retain physical power but fail mentally. The bright scholar becomes not only dull as years advance, but sometimes positively imbecile, or, as we may say, weak-minded. Of all these classes I have seen many very sad instances."

It is a well-known fact that some of our best and most thorough schools for girls have turned out many invalids. In the palmy days of the Mount Holyoke Seminary we personally knew a number of promising young women who returned home broken down in health, or who died the victims of a mental forcing process, just at the time they were developing into womanhood. So many instances of stultification, or complete physical derangement can be cited among girls who have attempted to take college training, with a curriculum in some measure approaching the severity and thoroughness of that used in male colleges, that a shallow observer has some ground to go upon when he declares that women are unfitted mentally and physically for the strain of the highest educational process.

Sensible people will everywhere say, if our girls have got to be sacrificed to the "ologies," let the "ologies" go to the wall. Better, a thousand times, frizzed skulls, guiltless of the dead languages, than encyclopedic brains and half-dead bodies.

We believe the injurious effects of hard study upon young women of ordinary physical stamina and good constitutions, come from gross neglect of the plainest physiological laws. The unsatisfactory and often disastrous results of what is called over-educating girls, cannot be laid at the door of education, but falls heavily on the shoulders of ignorant parents.

Young men, as a rule, do not enter upon their collegiate course until the age of eighteen, the period when girls are supposed to be "finished," and yet with them the objections against confining girls in school at too early an age, have little or no force. The inconsistency which up to this time has steadily misgoverned the education of women, though it denies that women are equal to men in capacity, forces them to acquire all branches of knowledge which they are supposed to need for equipment in life, before young men enter upon the serious business of getting a thorough education.

Take the average girl of twelve from one of our public schools and compare her mental attainments with those of the average boy of the same age, and we believe she will be found

considerably in advance of him. It is after that period that the boy outstrips her, and why? because just as she is becoming a woman, the most critical time of her life, she receives the fatal blow that cripples her in body and mind.

We believe that if the majority of young girls could be released from all but the lightest school duties between the ages of twelve and fifteen and allowed to devote that period of time to bodily culture, and acquiring a practical knowledge of housework, with cookery, &c., the tone and vigor of our womanhood would be vastly improved.

This is a period demanding the most watchful and assiduous guardianship on the part of mothers, and in our public schools especially, it is the time when every screw is turned to force an unnatural precocity which is too often paid for by chronic diseases, principally those known as female complaints.

If a girl is going to college, and she certainly ought not to go unless she has the capacity to make the training of real value to her in after life, there is every possible reason against her entering the course at an earlier age than a boy generally does.

Mrs. Gleason says most sensibly on this head:

"If the young lady completes the full college course, and also music and painting, and has given good attention to home culture, and taken good care of her health, she should feel that she has done well if she receives her diploma at twenty-two to twenty-four years of age, according to her health, early advantages, and power of endurance. Very few can do all this, and do it well, before that age."

In our cities especially, the latter years of study are generally interluded with parties, balls, visits to the opera and theatre. In this way the candle is burned at both ends and the chances are ten to one, that the girl exhausts her vitality much as the drunkard does his by over stimulating early in life, and ruins her chances of becoming a fairly intelligent human being, prepared to fulfil any of the functions of womanhood.

Parents are dreadfully culpable for the false education of their daughters. The more ignorant they are, the more vehemently do they demand to see immediate results from the cramming system. A mass of crude, undigested book learning, and a few flashy, tinsel accomplishments stify them; and it is the wise woman who must set her face like a flint against these ruinous modes of training. The period of puberty is one to which a mother ought to bestow the greatest watchfulness. The mysterious nature of the woman is awaking with passions, emotions, mental powers all budding into life; and we cannot help thinking that a girl's best and safest teacher and guide at that delicate and critical stage of her existence is an instructed and judicious mother.

IMPROVIDENT MARRIAGES.

England was considerably agitated not long since, and the British mind waxed wroth over the rules adopted by a certain banking company forbidding any clerk to take a wife unto himself on a salary of less than £150, a year. The youth who ventures to transgress this regulation is summarily dismissed from service.

It would seem from the hue-in-cry raised, that young Britishers belonging to the educated

middle class, must be peculiarly prone to rush into matrimonial indiscretions, when we consider that the required salary amounts to about \$750, American money. Our New York clerk of the same grade would hardly deem such a sum adequate to meet his own personal wants including gloves, cravats, perfumes, canes, etc. The expensively educated rather useless, and highly bedizened young woman with whom he walks on Sunday, and flirts a little mildly during the mazes of the German, would open her eyes in amazement at the idea of two persons living on a much larger sum than the one named by the stony-hearted bank directors. American girls fall in love unquestionably, but they perform this pleasing tumble with their eyes pretty wide open concerning the prospects of an easy and luxurious life after the matrimonial knot is tied. But few of them would be willing to take a suite of rooms, or a modest flat, and do a portion of their own housework, letting it be known among their friends that they live in this frugal manner. They would rather occupy one small, mean apartment at the top of an illy kept boarding house, with a brown stone front, and flashy parlors, than to acknowledge that they have only limited means to live upon, and are willing to live bravely, in the best way to make a true family bond.

If some more extended power than that of the adamant bank directors could impose a penalty upon every young married couple that lead an utterly false existence amid the gossip, idleness and discomfort of modern boarding houses, forcing them to go to house-keeping in a small way, and thus begin life honestly, with hard work if need be, we believe it would produce a salutary effect upon the characters of women, and do its share towards checking the growing disinclination of our young men to assume the burdens of the married state.

If the bank director's rule implies that English women of the middle class think less of the amount of worldly goods with which the marriage service endows them, and are more ready than their American sisters to begin life in humble, sincere fashion, it certainly is a healthy sign.

It cannot be denied that shiftless, good-for-nothing people have a wonderful propensity for putting their necks into the matrimonial yoke, and bringing into the world uncommonly large families of children. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell lectured the London workingmen on that subject the other day, not much to their taste.

There is an immense deal to be said in favor of the view she and Mr. Malthus take of the subject; but it is a question whether improvident marriages are, on the whole, worse than too calculating unions, and also whether our girls and young men, with their taste for luxury and fondness for self-indulgence, are not drifting in the latter direction with fearful rapidity. Wives must put aside their false pride, and, if necessary, be willing to eke out a moderate portion of this world's goods with economy and good management before the reign of sham and pinchbeck that now degrades our domestic state is brought to an end. Let husband and wife work side by side, and when an independence has been won it will be the man's duty to allot his helpmeet a fair share of their joint earnings.

The Revolution.

MRS. ELMIRA PHELPS ON THE WAR PATH.

Our opponents are now thoroughly up in arms. The period when Greek meets Greek has come at last. The shrill clarion is sounded for attack by the anti-suffrage address of Mrs. Elmira Lincoln Phelps. The document is curious and suggestive in its way, and in questionable taste, in so much as it ostentatiously asserts the respectability of its own party, at the same time that it flings mud on the name of a truly great woman, and some who came after her, in the following terms:

"Ever since the days of Mary Wolstoncraft, who wrote an infidel and infamous book, called *The Rights of Women*, there have been a few female Tom Paines, who have defended her doctrines; professing to pity their sex, enslaved, as they say, by the laws and organization of society; there have been men ready to join these free-thinking, free-acting, and free-loving women, and to cheer them on in their wild career."

This is not the time or the place to offer an elaborate defence of Mary Wolstoncraft, or to rake into the cold ashes of the past for proofs of her purity of life, or nobility of purpose. All in her career that told of human imperfection, human blindness and frailty, has dropped away, and the great living principles she declared before the times were ripe to receive them, are so broad, so catholic, so grand, that in our day they have become the watchwords of reform, written with a pen of light, and made familiar until we forget from whence they came.

The spirit that caused the Pharisee to stand in the temple and pray, saying, "God, I thank Thee, I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican," is a very purblind spirit, concerning the great tides setting towards progress, in so much as progress means lighter burdens, better living, and ampler, more natural development for human beings. It has a passion for mint, anise, and cummin, but only a dullard's perception for the weightier matters of the law.

There is too much of a smirk of self-righteousness about Mrs. Elmira's feminine creed. She goes on to relate how herself and her sister, the honored Mrs. Emma Willard, many years since became members of the first association formed for the "Medical Education of Women;" and ever maintained that in education and authorship they might be allowed to compete with men.

She endorsed and aided the movement for a wider sphere for women up to a certain point, and now she feels called upon to issue her fiat, and say imperatively, thus far shalt thou go, and no farther. She has, it appears, authority and wisdom, in her own estimation, to set mete and bound to a movement, she once accelerated. If women had stopped at their invasion of the medical profession, where Mrs. Phelps could give her patronizing nod of approbation, no harm would have been done; but now that they are striving for political recognition they have become heretics, fanatics, free-thinking and free-loving females who are striving to subvert the existing social order, and bring in chaos and confusion dire.

The woman cause has not that reverence for authority, even so great as Mrs. Phelps' at all likely to cause it to give pause and say—by your leave.

With a kind of bewildered and deprecating consternation, as if unable to find any reasonable explanation for the phenomenon, she exclaims:

"At this time a committee of these self-constituted

champions for "Woman's Rights" are actually installed in the committee-room of "Education and Labor," at our "National Capitol," where they hold their daily meetings, send out their publications under the franks of members of Congress and Senators, and use their fascinating influence in the lobbies. They affect to represent the women of the country."

And a few sentences further on she proves that they actually do represent the majority of the women of the country who take any interest whatever in the matter, where she says that more than 10,000 names in favor of woman suffrage, have been presented to Congress, while only 5,000 against it have been offered.

She calls the ladies of the National Suffrage Committee, at Washington, "self-constituted champions of woman's rights," ignoring the fact that she, and the eminently honorable ladies banded with her, are self-constituted champions of woman's wrongs, and forcibly brings to mind the old story of that amiable and instructive animal, the dog in the manger. She rushes into the arena of politics, because the agitators of suffrage have now become a formidable power. We thank thee, Mrs. Phelps, for teaching us that word; and it is with immense self-gratification that we see our enemies acknowledge the strength of our position; and a certain mournfulness breathes through the whole address that seems like the wail of a lost cause. Mrs. Phelps will soon know, if she does not recognize the fact already, that she cannot make head against the revolution which more or less quietly is agitating all ranks and orders of womanhood. She will soon know, too, that the way to make a cause popular is to battle it, and above all to misrepresent it. She might as easily attempt to drown the roar of Niagara with a penny trumpet, as to stop with her hackneyed little protest a cause like ours, which is gathering momentum every day and hour.

Her objection against allowing women to vote are drearily stale. We have heard them so often that as Holmes says about the tunes of organ grinders, they have fairly made a spot on our tympanum.

If women vote they must bear arms, she tells us, forgetting that if they vote they decide against war if they choose, and so in time do away with the necessity of bearing arms. She forgets, also, that at this very moment Julia Ward Howe, with sublime faith in the righteousness of the cause she has espoused, is working to bring about a great international peace convention, for the purpose of expelling war from Christendom. This holy thought never awoke in any mind until it came to the brain of a woman; and it is the most beneficent augury of the future attitude of the sex towards great political questions.

Mrs. Phelps owns rather naively that she and her associates refused even so much as to recognize the obnoxious subject until the new light began to peep into her parlor windows. She has placidly kept her eyes shut in a Rip Van Winkle sleep for the last fifteen or twenty years, and now wakes up and thinks to blot out the sun with a sheet of foolscap.

The petition appended to this address states, among other reasons, that the signers oppose woman suffrage because it is adverse to the interests of the working women of the country. This wild assertion remains unsupported by a particle of proof or argument.

Let the poor, weary drudge who earns a few shillings daily over the wash tub, to buy food

for her children, and then has that pittance filched from her, in the name of the law, by a drunken husband to steep his brain in bad whiskey, say whether there is anything but a ballot that can effectually secure her earnings to herself, and shut the gin shops. Let the female public school teacher tell us whether there is reason to expect that she will get as much pay as a man gets for half the work she does until she can secure political aid evoked through the ballot box.

The petitioners declare that they shrink painfully from the public eye, but they are not willing to incur any more duties and responsibilities than now devolve upon them. Therefore, they rush frantically into print, and scatter their names before the public "As thick as leaves in Valambrosa."

The danger seems infinitesimal compared to the awful sacrifices they have been called upon to make. One would imagine that they expected to be driven to the polls at the point of the bayonet—to be forced to rush desperately into politics. About one man in one or two hundred, on the average, actively participate in political life. The average man spends two or three hours during the year in depositing votes. The time spent by a woman in this occupation, would be about half as long as the period required to make a round of gossiping visits. Thousands of men take no interest at all in voting (more shame to them). They grub along through life as if suffrage were not a great and sovereign boon; and we have never heard of violence being used to wake them up to a sense of their sins. We, therefore, opine that no manner of political burden would be thrust upon Mrs. Phelps and her hysterical associates. Those women who in the future prefer to "suckle fools and chancle small beer," rather than let their ideas expand beyond the chimney corner, will not be disturbed. The sluggish can be sluggish still, the backward be backward, if they want to be, but those who are wide awake and progressive, will, in the fulness of time, come into all the political rights and immunities for which they ask.

We, therefore, hope Mrs. Phelps will keep on agitating and we accept the recognition of belligerent which she offers.

PLANS AND PROSPECTS.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, in a recent speech at the Capitol, said that twenty-five thousand dollars a year, could be used with profit by the members of the National Woman Suffrage Committee, in distributing tracts and documents, and creating an enlightened public opinion on the subject of woman suffrage; and more than all keeping alive a healthy agitation. She is anxious to receive from friends and co-workers in all parts of the country, dollar contributors, to help this good cause along; and we hope those who want to hasten the day of woman's enfranchisement, won't look too hard at the dollar before they send it on to Washington.

More than this, Mrs. Hooker and her associates desire signatures to the great book which now lies enshrined in one of the committee rooms at the Capitol, containing the New Declaration of Independence, and designed to hold the names of all who are ready and willing to exercise their right of franchise so soon as the disabilities are removed. She requests

that the names and addresses of all such be written on neat slips of paper according to directions given in THE REVOLUTION some time back, so that they can be pasted into the great folio volume which will perhaps, some day take its historic place along with the records that contain the monster anti-slavery petition of the Dutchess of Sutherland and her English sisters.

Mrs. Hooker is anxious to secure one hundred thousand names, to roll in upon our National Legislature, and to silence, if possible, the fatuous cry of our opponents that the women of the country do not want to vote—would not if they could. If any woman is too poor to bestow a dollar towards this good cause—and alas we know that thousands are—she need not keep back her signature to the declaration, and by sending it she will be adding her mite in furtherance of a noble work. We hope the names will shower down upon the Central Committee at the Capitol, where they have entrenched themselves in the camp of the enemy; and that no one may be at a loss as to how to direct, we again publish the following:

"Write your name legibly on a narrow slip of paper the width of fools-cap, and an inch and a half in length. Give your Christian name in full with such initials as you please, and add the town and State on a lower line. Enclose in a post-paid envelope, and direct to Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, Washington D. C."

Our friends hope to hold a glorious meeting in this city, in May, and bring with them some of the healthy and life-giving breezes which have been blowing over Washington, for the last two months. Wendell Phillips in his editorial correspondence for the *National Standard*, expresses astonishment at the ferment of opinion and feeling now actively at work in Washington on woman suffrage. The tidal wave has not yet reached New York, but we predict that it will yet roll over the whole land with the most salutary results to our great cause.

A DOMESTIC LABOR SCHOOL.

The letter in this issue, from Miss Emily Faithfull, contains a very interesting plan for establishing a training institution for domestics in London. The proposition includes the thorough instruction of a certain number of resident servants, in the several duties of cooks, kitchen, house, chamber, and parlor maids, while lessons will be given to daily learners in the culinary and confectionery departments. Lectures will be delivered on food, cooking, housekeeping, the laws of health, and kindred subjects, while practical lessons in the preparation and dressing of meat, poultry, fish, vegetables, etc., including the higher branches of the culinary art, such as made dishes, confectionery, ices, setting tables, etc., will be offered those ladies who wish instruction.

The school will include a reading room and restaurant, and if lodgings are furnished also will undoubtedly be self-supporting from the start.

There is probably no city in the world that so imperatively needs an institution similar to the one described, as New York. Our domestic service, has, through the ignorance of mistresses, the growing distaste manifested by

women for housekeeping, and the total worthlessness of great numbers of servants who are landed, as one may say, in the raw, upon our shores fallen to a very low point. We have plenty of the green material for good servants, all about us, but the average modern housekeeper, especially in cities, is not capable of moulding it into better forms. A great gulf is fixed between the mistress of a handsome dwelling of the day, and her thrifty grandmother, who did her own work, or worked with her one servant, overseeing personally every detail of her affairs. It is perhaps absurd to expect the modern woman to go back to the mode of life practiced by her grandmother; and the problem now is how to combine something like old fashioned comfort, with modern elegance and ease.

The training and drilling which the mistress once personally bestowed upon her hand-maid must now, by some means or other, be done for her before ruin, waste, dirt and discomfort are banished from our kitchens. Nothing, it appears to us, can do it so well as just the plan proposed by Miss Faithfull. If the need of training schools is great in England, it certainly is overwhelming with us here, where the domestic workers are all or mainly drawn from the overplus of foreign countries emptied indiscriminately upon our shores. We have known more than one instance of families possessed of luxurious homes, who, to rid themselves of the vexations and annoyances of American housekeeping have become voluntary exiles in Europe years together. A woman—no matter how much wealth she may possess—finds but too frequently all the dignity and repose of life destroyed by ignorant, half-wild Irish women, born and bred in cabins, who, untrained and unskilled, undertake the task of ministering to fastidious palates and keeping beautifully adorned houses. The results are generally what might be expected from letting loose a bull in a china shop. The health and spirits of many women are sacrificed to skirmishes with their servants. It is refinement and culture lying prostrate before muscle.

Modern education, which results in this deplorable state of internal warfare, is to be condemned. No woman, unless she is an invalid, is excusable for allowing herself to be ridden over rough shod, by insolent and ignorant domestics, because she cannot or will not put her own shoulder to the wheel. If anything can arouse housewives to the ambition of reviving a taste for domestic affairs, restoring one of the lost arts, Miss Faithfull's plan must avail. Mr. Bevan struck the keynote when he said that domestic economy embraces "great sanitary questions well worthy the attention of our authorities."

Mothers ought to learn that their children may be poisoned by bad food, imperfect ventilation, &c. Their moral consciousness needs arousing, and lectures addressed to them on these subjects could not fail of bringing forth good fruit.

The ladies of this city and vicinity require a good, cheap restaurant somewhere near the region of retail shops. The distances traversed by thousands are very great, and accommodations already existing are limited and not always of the best. Those who come from Harlem, Westchester, Staten Island and New Jersey, to do a days shopping, or for other purposes, often find themselves seriously in-

convenienced for the want of an eating saloon where wholesome lunches can be obtained at reasonable rates. If such a place could be opened in connection with a domestic labor school, thereby making the school a profitable business venture, at once, we believe it would be one of the best schemes ever proposed for the relief of our groaning housekeepers.

A SWAB FUND.

The Union Ferry Company appear to have again fallen into a Rip Van Winkle slumber, after the slight arousing we gave them some weeks ago. They evidently "know the right but still the wrong pursue," and we will not attempt to point out a punishment which a corporation ought to receive for holding forth a hope of redress to thousands of women who feel themselves outraged and swindled on the ferry-boats daily, and then breaking it in point of fact.

"Blessed be the man who invented sleep," said Sancho Panza, a sentiment the Ferry-boat Company will applaud to the echo, as they seem to be in a perpetual doze concerning the needs and rights of the travelling public.

A lady who says she has taken considerable pains to ascertain the sentiments of other ladies on the subject, gives it as her opinion that the majority of women would prefer to retain their own cabin, and would be willing to stand huddled in a swaying crowd while their seats are appropriated by men, provided something can be done to mitigate the nuisance of pools of tobacco filth which stain the floor and prove ruinous to dresses, not to speak of the disgust and nausea occasioned by the spectacle.

The proposition is to employ a woman with a swab to go solemnly around and remove the marks of the filth as soon as ejected. Wardrobes and sensibilities would thus be saved a vast deal of damage.

This is the sole object of the proposition. We have no more hope of raising an emotion of shame in the callous mind of the male sinner, who usurps a woman's place in the ladies' cabin, than of causing a blush to mantle on the cheek of the fretful porcupine. He who is filthy will be filthy still. This is simply a measure for self-protection under existing circumstances; in fact, making the best of the situation.

If the profits of the Ferry Company will not warrant them in undertaking the necessary expense of a swab-woman for each boat, and we presume the finances of the corporation are not in a condition to make such an outlay safe, we would suggest that a locked box under the charge of a committee of ladies, be placed in each ferry-house, and labeled, "Swab Fund Box," into which each lady passenger is requested to drop one penny for the purpose of hiring this humble but much-needed official, armed with swab and pail for every boat that crosses the river. The plan is practical, easy and cheap, and we see no reason why it should not be carried out immediately.

—Mrs. Frances Gerry Fairfield, well known as a writer for *Harper's*, *Appleton's*, and other periodicals, is preparing a historical sketch for children of "The Electric Telegraph and its great inventor, S. B. F. Morse." This will be the first of a series, of which a sketch of Fulton and his invention will be the second volume, to be published by the Harpers. She is also preparing a book on our native marbles.

Book Table.

FROM SHORE TO SHORE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Phebe A. Hanford. Boston: B. B. Russell; San Francisco: H. L. Bancroft & Co. 1871.

In the little preface attached to her poems Mrs. Hanford forestalls severe criticism by frankly declaring that the poems contained in this neat volume "have not been wrought with patient labor, nor quarried from mines of thought, but have sprang spontaneously from seeds which sympathy planted." Such being the case, the author cannot expect a wide constituency among literary people, but will doubtless meet cordial recognition from a large circle of friends, which is, after all, the only real blessing popularity or fame can lay at our feet. Her lines everywhere breathe a devotional frame of mind, and indicate that habitually religious attitude of the spirit which is more rare in this age than it once was. Prayer and praise are a joy to her; and one can perceive the delight with which she fills her office of religious teacher and friend.

We give a few stanzas from one of the devotional poems called the Feast of Life:

"The feast of life is sweet;
I am no weary guest;
But joyful at my Saviour's feet
I heed His high behest.
I eat the living bread;
I quaff the draft divine,
And love within my heart is shed,
And light doth round me shine."

TRIALS AND PERSECUTIONS OF MISS EDITH O'GORMAN, OTHERWISE SISTER TERESA DE CHANTAL, OF ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, HUDSON CITY, N. J. Written by herself, and published for the trade by the Connecticut Publishing Company, Hartford.

Most of the readers of newspapers know already who Edith O'Gorman is, and have at least a dim notion of the principal events of her strange life. The public is much less ready to accept unquestioned the statements of escaped and converted nuns, picturing the horrors of conventual life in a way to make the blood creep and curdle, than it once was. Too many fictitious or distorted narratives in imitation of perhaps the most famous book of the kind ever written, i. e., "Maria Monk," have been palmed off on the community to make them specially powerful as instruments for arousing religious hatred. However much the ignorant may be deluded by such lively horrors, cultivated and fair-judging Protestants, who believe the conventual system to be false and unnatural, are still slow to accept the conclusion that religious houses are, as a rule, dens of pollution and iniquity. Moreover, there is a deep-rooted reverence, even in the minds of Protestants, for Sisters of Charity. Those quiet, black figures found in hospitals, pest-houses, prisons, beside death-beds and among the wretched abodes of the poor, gliding about on their missions of good, are sanctified in our eyes, and deserve to be. We know assuredly that under the black serge robes of these silent women there are beating hearts with emotions and passions not wholly dead. We can believe that some of them are ignorant and perhaps bad-tempered and violent; but the mere fact that they are set apart to minister to the sick and suffering of all kinds and degrees, irrespective of creeds, will insure them always a sacred public regard.

Miss O'Gorman's book differs in some essential respects from most of the class to which it belongs, inasmuch as it gives boldly names

and dates, and challenges refutation for the array of presented facts.

The outline of the narrative is simply this: In 1862, Miss O'Gorman, then twenty years old, in opposition to the wishes of her friends, who were Catholics, entered upon her novitiate at St. Elizabeth's Convent, Madison, N. J. From there she was transferred to an orphan asylum at Paterson, and afterwards to the Convent at Hudson City. The Order of Sisters to which she belonged is that known as Mother E. Seton. She represents herself as inspired by an ardent zeal for religion and the Church, which, although she was treated with extreme cruelty during her candidacy at Madison, did not begin to cool until she had taken her final vows and assumed the black dress. The treatment, such as she describes it, of the orphans at the Paterson Asylum is perhaps the most painful and revolting portion of the book, in spite of the numerous hints thrown out concerning the improprieties of nuns and priests. Some of the stories she tells of the abuses practiced upon helpless children by women, who, under the religious garb, were furies and termagants, with no human feeling in their bosoms, ought to be investigated. Fate appears upon the scene in the form of a certain Father Walsh, who makes love to Edith, *alias* sister Teresa de Chantal, and inspires a corresponding feeling in her breast, mingled with horror at the deadly sin she, the consecrated bride of Christ, is committing. She repulses his advances until at last he makes an infamous attempt upon her person, which is frustrated. In desperation she appeals to the Mother Superior at Madison for protection, but is repulsed, and finally escapes from a religious establishment at Newark and flees to Philadelphia, where she passes through a series of vicissitudes, during which Father Walsh turns up again, and at last, furnishes her the means to go to Ireland. She does finally sail for Liverpool under harrowing circumstances, but returns at once to Boston by the aid of charity, and there falls into the clutches of her sister, one Gertrude O'Gorman, to whom she confides her story. The undiluted fiendishness of said Gertrude can only be explained by her own amiable words: "I hate Catholics and detest Protestants, hate, abhor, detest the whole of God and man." This cheerful creature privately entices Father Walsh to Boston, gets out a writ against him in Edith's name, claiming five thousand dollars damages for seduction of said Edith, and has him thrown into prison. Edith finally secures his release on bail, by refusing to prosecute, and thereupon a great scandal arises and gets aired in the newspapers. Edith denies the charges made against her character by a published card in the New York Tribune, whereupon her sweet little sister rakes and scrapes all the evidence she can against her, and sends it to the same paper. Finally, Edith is driven to Baltimore, where she meets with a few startling adventures, such, for instance, as getting locked into a disreputable house and being confronted by a Catholic priest, making her escape almost by a miracle, attempting suicide, and walking alone and penniless to Philadelphia. At last she is converted, and receives the ordinance of baptism in the North Baptist Church, Jersey City. After that she commences her lecturing career, to expose the iniquities of the Roman Church, and speaks in

Madison, where she is mobbed, etc., and finally marries the curate of the French Episcopal Church of this city, finding, as she says, perfect happiness in the union. There are chapters scattered through the book on indulgences, auricular confession, and the religious experiences of the writer, presenting nothing very new or original on these subjects. But little attempt is made to dress up or color the narrative dramatically, and all who believe the facts stated will consider it a very curious real-life history, to say nothing of the condemnation it brings upon Catholicism.

MELEAGROS. The New Calvary. Tragedies by Loughton Osborn. American News Co., 117, 119, 121, Nassau street, New York.

This little volume contains two tragedies; the first, Meleagros, is a legend of the mythological age, when the gods assumed a human form. Meleagros is the son of Althea, who shortly after his birth, is warned by the veiled Moera that the life of Meleagros is co-existent with a brand then burning on the fire. The mother, seizing the brand, extinguishes the fire, and places it in her coffer, where it remains until Meleagros grows to manhood. This is told in the first act; in the second, at a boar chase, Meleagros being involved in a quarrel with his mother's brothers, about Attilanta, kills them, which brings in the third act, where Althea incensed at the death of her brothers, brings out the brand upon which the life of Meleagros depends and places it on the fire. In a fight which ensues with the followers of his uncles, Meleagros is wounded, and being brought home, dies just as the brand expires, a victim to his mother's vengeance. The New Calvary is a dramatic version of the the Crucifixion of Christ, illustrative of the author's views. The two tragedies are well told, and will repay perusal by those whose tastes incline in this direction.

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M. HAMILTON.

The Revolution.

AID FOR THE STARVING FRENCH.

The gentle Florence Nightingale, who saved so many lives in the Crimean war, has lately made a donation of \$100 to aid the destitute French. The following is a copy of her letter to the "Hon. Chairman of the French Relief Fund, Mansion House, London."

"My Lord, may I be permitted to contribute through your hands my mite—£5 a week for four weeks—to the most appalling distress this country has seen, that of the starving population in Paris, where, on the opening of the gates a million and a half of non-combatants, principally women and children, will have to be fed like babies?"

"But the charity of England will be equal, under your auspices, to the emergency. For this terrible 'New Year' what can one wish but that there never may be such another to the end of the world? Still, England's 'generosity and magnificent charity,' as has been truly said by a princess very dear to us, has risen equal to the wants. I do not believe that there is a man, woman or child above pauperism who has not given, I will not say according to their means, but far above their means for German and French, who can never give again to them, and all for love and nothing for reward."

"I should like the working people of England to know that the working people of France and Germany feel this. One expression of it—it was made by a German—struck me particularly. It was to the effect that the Prussian elementary education was far superior to the English (let the London School Board show them that this shall not be the case long;) but for the 'education of the heart,' continued our correspondent, 'give me the English working people.' I fully endorse this."

"Pardon me, my lord, this long note for the sake of the declaration of feeling which, I think, must please you; and believe me to be, my lord, your obedient servant,

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

ANNA AND LILLIAN.

A notable meeting took place at Ann Arbor, Mich., a week or two ago, when, for the first time, Miss Anna Dickinson and Miss Lillian S. Edgerton laid eyes upon each other. They were counterparts long sundered, the former being, as all the world knows, a pretty, petulant, fiery little brunette, and the latter an imperial blonde, a massive Alruna maiden, who might have sung to the "wolves of the Goths" in search of Asgard. Miss Dickinson is an unflinching advocate of woman's right to vote, but Miss Edgerton thinks women should not be enfranchised. For a long time they had vainly yearned for each other; but at last they met at a hotel in Ann Arbor, and each exclaiming, "Tis she," they rushed like torrents to each other's arms, or, rather, the superb blonde opened her arms and the small brunette nestled within them, purring like a little brown kitten. Henceforth they would be sisters, and the last that was seen of them was a tableau of the brunette sitting on the blonde's knee, while both sipped from the same tumbler a liquid which the ingenious hotel clerk called a hot lemonade "with fringe."—*Exchange.*

WOMAN AND WAR.

Mrs. Stanton tells the following story of Horace Greeley:

"I was once attending a suffrage convention, and had put forth the usual arguments about women being entitled to vote, when suddenly Mr. Greeley arose in the audience, and with his usual emphasis, remarked, 'Well, but if you vote you must fight.'"

"All right, Mr. Greeley," said I; "and now that you are a man, will you have the kindness to exhibit to this sympathizing concourse the scars and wounds you received when you attempted to sacrifice yourself at the altar of patriotism during the late war? Mr. Greeley, we have frequently wept over your heroic achievements on behalf of your country, during its intestinal strife—please do show us these substantial reminiscences of the battles you have been through."

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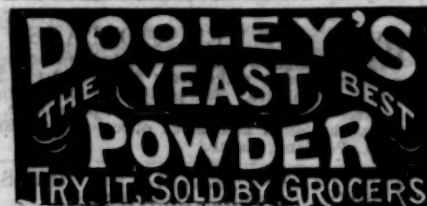
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